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A VISIT TO THE GARDEN PAVILION IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

AMONGST the subjects of public attention in London last month, was the newly-finished summer-house or pavilion erected by her majesty and Prince Albert in the grounds connected with Buckingham Palace. Tickets having been issued to enable a limited portion of the public to see this novel object, and one of these having fallen into the hands of a friend, I was enabled to pay the place a visit. For the information of those who are not familiarly acquainted with London, I may begin by mentioning that Buckingham Palace—built in the reign of George IV.—occupies a somewhat disadvantageous situation on the west side of St James's Park, contiguous to the suburban district of Pimlico. In the rear of the palace is a piece of pleasure ground, comprising wood and lake, and really a beautiful retired scene, notwithstanding that the roar of Piccadilly speaks, in a way that cannot be mistaken, of the near neighbourhood of an active city. Between the grounds and the adjacent suburb, an artificial mound, covered with shrubbery, helps to shut in the place; and on the summit of this mound is perched a small Chinese-looking building with a little platform in front. This is the Pavilion.

The external appearance is by no means impressive. Many a lodge at a gentleman's gate is finer. It is on entering that we become aware that something extraordinary is intended. The fact is, that the queen and her consort have here made an experiment in that combination of Decorative Painting with Architecture, for which Italy is remarkable, but which has as yet been scarcely exemplified in our own country. The great and affluent in England have recently been made comparatively familiar with this style, by the publication of a superb work by Mr L. Gruner, embodying the decorations contributed by Raphael to the Vatican, and the similar productions of other Italian masters. When her majesty, therefore, determined on having this summer-house decorated in such a manner, she very appropriately employed Gruner to direct the general arrangements, and engage the various artists and others required for the purpose. So much being premised, let us step across the threshold, and inspect what it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive as a fairy palace. We enter at once a small octagonal room (13 feet 8 inches in diameter, and 15 feet in height), being, little as it is, the chief room of the building. From the gray marble floor to the centre of the vaulted ceiling, it is one blaze of the most gay and brilliant colouring. Before, however, going into the particulars of the decoration, let us see the remainder of the house, in order to have a general idea of its character and proposed uses. Opposite, then, to the entrance of this room are two doors, occupying compartments in the octagonal

arrangement, but having one compartment containing a fireplace and mirror between: these lead into two smaller rooms (8 feet 10 inches by 9 feet 7 inches, and 12 feet in height), betwixt which is interposed a small kitchen, provided with every suitable convenience. Such are the whole accommodations.

The principal or octagon room is an illustration of Milton's youthful production, the *Masque of Comus*, 'in itself, like an exquisite many-sided gem, presenting within a small compass the most faultless proportion and the richest variety.'* The suitableness of this poem for being illustrated in such a room, where more heroic and solemn subjects would have been altogether inappropriate, must strike every one. 'Comus,' says Mrs Jameson, 'at once classical, romantic, and pastoral, with all its charming associations of grouping, sentiment, and scenery, was just the thing fitted to inspire English artists, to elevate their fancy to the height of their argument, to render their task at once a light and a proud one; while nothing could be more beautifully adapted to the shades of a trim garden devoted to the recreation of our Sovereign Lady, than the chaste, polished, yet picturesque elegance of the poem, considered as a creation of art.'

From the eight angles of the room rise as many 'ribs,' which, meeting in the centre, form a dome-shaped roof, divided into eight compartments. In these are painted circular openings, with a sky background, for the purpose of indicating the *time* of the scenes depicted below: those on the west side present midnight, with its star, and those on the east the approaching dawn. At the point where the walls and dome meet, there is a rich cornice, below which are eight lunettes or semicircular spaces, filling the upper portion of the eight sides of the room; and in these lunettes are as many frescoes, or paintings upon plaster, containing scenes from the poem. Each lunette is six feet by three, and over each is a tablet, on which is inscribed in gilt letters, on a brownish-ground, the particular passage of the poem which has suggested the subject of the picture. All of these paintings are by English artists of the highest reputation. Such are the chief objects which meet the eye in this room: there is, besides, a great quantity of minute ornament. The spandrels, or angular spaces left by the curves of the lunettes, are occupied by figures relating to the subjects of the respective pictures. Beneath the lunettes are panels adorned with arabesques, in harmony with the main subjects. Over each door are winged panthers, in stucco, with a head of Comus, ivy-crowned, between them. Beneath each window is the cipher of her majesty and Prince Albert, encircled

* Mrs Jameson's introduction to a volume entitled 'The Decorations of the Garden Pavilion of Buckingham Palace, engraved under the superintendence of L. Gruner.' 1845.

with flowers. The pilasters running up the angles of the room present, in medallions, figures and groups from a variety of Milton's poems—as Eve relating her dream to Adam, Adam consoling Eve, 'the bright morning star, day's harbinger,' Samson Agonistes, &c. Red, blue, and white mingle beautifully in this profusion of ornament, by which the eye is for some time too much dazzled to apprehend the details.

The Masque of Comus was a compliment paid by Milton to the Earl of Bridgewater, then residing in Ludlow Castle as president or viceroy of Wales. It was acted at Ludlow before the earl's family in 1634. The story is of the simplest kind, relating only how a lady lost her way in a wood, and, falling under the enchantments of Comus, a son of Bacchus and Circe, was with some difficulty rescued and restored to her friends. Besides Comus and the lady, the characters presented are her two brothers, an attendant spirit who puts on the guise of a shepherd, and Sabrina, the goddess of the Severn river. In the age following that in which Spenser spun his fine allegories, and Drayton personified every wood and stream in the country, this union of ancient mythology with British scenery, and the calling in of a river spirit for the protection of a benighted young lady, would appear sufficiently rational. The first lunette (by Mr Stanfield) is designed to realise the passage near the commencement of the poem, in which the attendant spirit speaks of his errand being to those exceptions from the common run of human beings who

by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opens the palace of eternity.

The scene is a landscape—a river flowing through forest scenery; the spirit, in shepherd weeds, is seen leaning meditatively upon his crook, while in the background, through the glade, we see the rabble rout of Comus holding their nocturnal orgies by torchlight. In the spandrels are a cherub weeping and a fiend exulting. In the poem, the spirit describes Comus's birth was character, and his haunting 'this tract that fronts the falling sun,' for the purpose of tempting weary travellers to drink of his glass, when,

Soon as the poison works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before.

The spirit announces his own function to be the preservation of 'any favoured of high Jove' from the spells of this dangerous deity. Comus then enters, and proposes to commence his usual revels for the night; but presently an interruption takes place, from the entrance of the lady, who, having been left for a while by her brothers, had wandered on through the forest till thick night overtook her, and she had become exhausted with fatigue. The second lunette (by Mr Uwins) represents her standing under an oak, saying,

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of rude mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy terrors that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. * *
Was I deceived, or did a smile cloud
Turn out her silver lining to the night? * *

Comus is seen amidst the neighbouring foliage listening to her soliloquy. In the spandrels, a seraph looks down with anguish, and a satyr with triumph.

Comus appearing before the lady as an honest homely swain, the lady agrees to accept his hospitality; and when they have left the stage, the two brothers enter, to express their distress at the loss of their sister. Some

parts of their conversation betoken, in the Milton of six-and-twenty, what he was to become in his riper days.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself in his own dungeon. * *

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand livered angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

The attendant spirit, in his shepherd dress, joins them with intelligence of their sister, of whom the three then proceed in quest.

The next scene presents the lady sitting in a palice, 'full of all manner of deliciousness,' while Comus tempts her, the brutish rabble standing by. This is the subject of the third fresco (by Mr C. Leslie), the precise point being that when the lady exclaims,

Hence with thy brood enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With visored falsehood and base forgery?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer.

After a colloquy between the two, in which Comus confesses himself foiled by her words, the brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven off. The attendant spirit then enters, and says,

What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
Oh, ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast.

This incident is the subject of two of the lunettes; an unlucky consequence of the artists having been left to choose the subjects from the poem at their own discretion. Fortunately, however, they present the subject in styles so dissimilar, that no one at first sight could detect the identity. In Sir William Ross's picture, the lady in her chair forms the central figure, while the enchanter is seen flying off at the side from before an armed figure. In Mr Landseer's painting, we have Comus's rabble presented most conspicuously, their animal heads affording a most appropriate subject for the peculiar genius of that artist. Comus, alarmed at the appearance of the armed brothers, receives a Bacchante with a greyhound's head, who has thrown herself upon his arm. The mixture of grotesque and imaginative in this picture, and the union of tipsy stupidity and terror in the separate figures, render it by far the most remarkable picture in the series, though it certainly is far from being the most pleasing.

To return to the poem: the lady being fixed by enchantment to her chair, it is necessary to call in the aid of the river goddess, Sabrina, who, having been duly invoked, rises from her cave, and says

Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure.

This is the subject of Mr Macrise's fresco, which is marked by his usual liveliness and brilliancy, profusion of figures, and painstaking in their execution. The lady sits in her chair, 'in stony fetters fixed and motionless.' Sabrina and her attendant spirits hover around her. One nymph presents in a shell the water of precious

oure, which Sabrina is about to sprinkle over the victim of enchantment. The brothers and the star-browed spirit stand by. In the spandrels are two of the rabble rout looking down in affright.

The lady, being now disenchanted, returns with her friendly guardians to her father's mansion, where she and her brothers are presented to their parents by the spirit.

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought yo new delight;
There behold, so godly grown,
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.

Mr Dyce gives us this scene in a very pleasing picture, 'graceful, simple, full of intelligence, and the colouring rich without trickery,' according to a critical contemporary. In the connected spandrels are two guardian angels presenting crowns of white roses and myrtle. In conclusion, the spirit flies to

Happy climes, that lie
Where day never shuts an eye,

but first calling on mortals to follow virtue. She, he says,

can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sherry chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

The two last lines, with which the poem terminates, are the subject of the last fresco of the series (by Mr Eastlake), where Virtue is represented fainting upon the high and rugged path, and succoured there by a seraph; while Vice, represented by a serpent, is seen gliding away; a choir of angels leaning from the clouds above, to receive the coming visitant.

Having thus at some length given a description of the chief room, I proceed to the next, which may be called the *Scott Room*, since its decorations wholly bear reference to the productions of that illustrious person. The four sides of this apartment are painted in imitation of gray veined marble, so exquisitely, that I only became aware of their not being real marble after I returned home. Round the upper portion of the walls runs a rich frieze, presenting three compartments on each side, the central one a bas-relief in white stucco on a blue ground, the side ones paintings of small size, representing views of places celebrated by Scott. Here we have Melrose, Abbotsford, Loch Etive, Dryburgh Abbey, Craig Nethan, Loch Awe, Aros Castle, and Windermere Lake, painted by Mr E. W. Dallas from Mr Gruner's sketches. In the bas-reliefs we have groups from the poems—Clara recognising Wilton on the field of battle, Bruce raising his page from amidst the slain (these two by Mr Timbrell), William of Deloraine taking the book from the magician's tomb, and Roderick Dhu overcome by the Knight of Snowdown (these last by Mr J. Bell). In eight lunettes are as many scenes from the Waverley novels, the production of different artists, two of whom are, I understand, sons of the celebrated caricaturist (Doyle), who usually passed by the name of H. B. Eight heads in white stucco, surrounded by arabesques in relief, represent as many of Scott's heroines. This completes the list of figures, but not the whole ornaments of the room, for the flooring—not yet laid down—is chequered, and surrounded by a border of thistles, along with festoons of the various tartans of the Highland clans. Only one specimen of the tiles forming this pavement was shown when we visited the pavilion; it contained the tartan of the Camerons, with the name of that clan inscribed upon it. In 1745, this kind of cloth was looked upon at court as a spell to raise floods: in 1845, it is cherished in the most private domestic retreats of royalty as a memorial of a romantic period of our national history. In a late visit to Hampton Court, I observed a picture equally indicative of change of times and of feelings; namely, a portrait of the poor old Chevalier taking his

place among the other royal personages who figure in such profusion in that palace.

The remaining small room is designed as an imitation of the style which prevails in the ancient city of Pompeii; all the ornaments, friezes, and panels being suggested by, or accurately copied from, existing remains, except the coved ceiling, which is the invention of Mr Augustine Aglio. 'This room,' says Mrs Jameson, 'may be considered as a very perfect and genuine example of classical domestic decoration, such as we find in the buildings of Pompeii—a style totally distinct from that of the baths of Titus, which suggested to Raphael and his school the rich arabesque ornaments in painting and relief which prevailed in the sixteenth century, and which have been chiefly followed in the other two rooms.'

I spent fully two hours in *perusing* the pavilion in all its various parts, and yet left it without having got above half way through its bewildering minutiæ. The work as a whole, and in its parts, has been keenly criticised by those who assume the duty of warning the public against being too much pleased with books, pictures, and other productions of the finer intellect of our species. It has, doubtless, some faults and infelicities, the want of harmony being, I think, the chief. Yet, taken as the first English attempt at such a style of decoration, and considering the merely nascent condition of art in our country, I cannot help regarding the whole as creditable, and calculated to afford pleasure to the exalted personages for whose use the little mansion is designed.

THE LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE government were not unmindful of the services of our extraordinary heroine, and Mr Fox, Pitt's successor in the premiership, sent to offer her a princely reward. 'It was,' according to her ladyship's account, 'as good as ten thousand pounds a-year to me. He was to make me ranger of some park, with a house; and then I was to have a house in town; and the rest was to be done in the way they shuffle those things through the public offices.' This splendid income Lady Hester had the magnanimity to refuse. Mr Ward was sent to endeavour to make her ladyship alter her determination. 'I told him that it was not from a personal disregard for Mr Fox that I refused; because, when I asked Mr Pitt upon one occasion who was the cleverest man in England, he answered, "Mr Fox"; but as the world only knew Mr Pitt and Mr Fox as opposed to each other, I should be considered as receiving benefits from Mr Pitt's enemy. "You will live to repent your refusal," said Mr Ward. I answered him that might be, but that if he talked for a year, he never would alter my resolution.' On his deathbed, however, Mr Pitt had written a request to the king that she should be allowed a pension; and her name was eventually placed on the pension-list for £1200 per annum.

With this and some small family property, another woman would have retired, and become the ornament, or perhaps the oracle, of a smaller sphere than that in which she had hitherto moved; but Lady Hester, though she made an attempt of the kind, could not persevere in it. She took a house in Montague Square. 'But,' she would say, 'a poor gentlewoman, doctor, is the worst thing in the world. Not being able to keep a carriage, how was I to go out? If I used a hackney-coach, some spiteful person would be sure to mention it:—"Who do you think I saw yesterday in a hackney-coach? I wonder where she could be driving alone, down those narrow streets?"'

She remained almost shut up in Montague Square (for she gave many reasons for not going otherwise than as formerly in a carriage), till the death of her brother Charles at Corunna disgusted her with London; and, breaking up her little establishment, she went down into Wales, residing in a small cottage at Builth, somewhere near Brecon, in a room not more than a dozen feet square. Here she amused herself in curing the poor, in her dairy, and in other rustic occupations; until, not finding herself so far removed from her English acquaintances but what they were always coming across her, and breaking in upon her solitude, she resolved on going to the Mediterranean. Accordingly she left England, accompanied by a faithful female companion, the medical gentleman to whom we are indebted for the memoirs so often quoted, and a suite of servants.

After remaining some time at Gibraltar and Malta, she departed for Zante about July 1810; from whence she passed over to Patras, visited Constantinople, and sailed for Egypt. At Rhodes she was shipwrecked, where Dr M., who then accompanied her on her travels, lost his journals, and the public consequently much information.

After many wanderings in the East, the doctor saw her, as he states, finally settled on Mount Lebanon, when, after seven years' uninterrupted service, he took a temporary leave of her. At the end of a year or two he revisited Syria; but finding 'that her ladyship had in the meanwhile completely familiarised herself with the usages of the East, conducting her establishment entirely in the Turkish manner, and adopting even much of their medical empiricism,' he again left her. Circumstances, however, at length restored them to each other; and in December 1829, Dr M. returned to Lady Hester's service, in which he continued till her death.

The scene is now changed. Having once left England, Lady Hester Stanhope had left it for ever. Reduced from power and greatness to dependence and relative poverty, she, like Coriolanus, banished her country, and in so doing banished herself. Her old habits and feelings, however, never forsook her; she was the same woman in the wilderness that she had been in the court, thirsting for dominion, and exercising influence, by the force of rooted habit. Her master passion was the love of absolute power, which, whether in Britain or Syria, she seemed resolved to gratify. She had, however, a difficulty in doing this at first in her new position; for, though taking up her residence two miles distant from the city—the ancient city of Sidon—she was still too much in the midst of society to suit her purpose. A lonely and insulated residence was necessary for her, if she would prevent her servants from absconding when wearied of her tyranny, or desirous of change. She accordingly removed to Joon, to a house situated 'on the summit of a conical hill, whence comers and goers might be seen on every side.' From hence, also, 'a poor slave could rarely muster courage enough to venture by night across lonely mountainous, when jackals and wolves were abroad; or, if he did, by the time he reached Sayda, or Beyrouth, or Dair-el-kamar, the only three towns within reach, his resolves had cooled, the consequences of the step he had taken presented themselves forcibly to his mind, or there was time to soothe him by promises and presents.' On one occasion, however, we are told that, notwithstanding these precautions, all her free women decamped in a body; and, on another, her slaves attempted to scale the walls, and some actually effected their escape. But this was a solitary instance: in general, her arrangements were sufficient security. Besides, 'she was known to have great influence with Abdallah Pasha, to whom she had rendered many services, pecuniary and personal; for to him, as well as to his harem,

she was constantly sending presents; and he, as a Turk, fostered despotism rather than opposed it. The Emir Beshyr, or prince of the Druzes, her nearest neighbour, she had so completely intimidated by the unparalleled boldness of her tongue and pen, that he felt no inclination to commit himself by any act which might be likely to draw either of them on him again. In what direction, therefore, was a poor unprotected slave or peasant to fly? Over others, who, like her doctor, her secretary, or her dragoman, were free to act as they liked, and towards whom she had more *ménagements* to preserve, there hung a spell of a different kind, by which this modern Circe entangled people almost inextricably in her nets. A series of benefits conferred on them, an indescribable art in becoming the depositary of their secrets, an unerring perception of their failings, brought home in moments of confidence to their bosoms, soon left them no alternative but that of securing her protection by unqualified submission to her will.

Such power belongs to force of character. It is but justice, however, to Lady Hester Stanhope to add, that hers had its root in piety; which, too, was of a kind to procure her favour in the East. A passage in one of her letters places this trait of her character in a beautiful light.

'A young seyd, a friend of mine,' she wrote to Dr M., 'when riding one day in a solitary part of the mountain, heard the echo of a strange noise in the rocks. He listened, and, hearing it again, got off his horse to see what it was. To his surprise, in a hollow in the rock, he saw an old eagle quite blind and unfeigned by age. Perched by the eagle, he saw a carrion-crow feeding him. If the Almighty thus provides for the blind eagle, he will not forsake me: and the carrion-crow may look down with contempt on your countrymen.'

'I say this, because I have seen two doctors—they were English—and they tell me that, though my eyes are good, my nerves are destroyed, and that causes my blindness. Writing these few lines will be some days' illness to me; but I make an effort, in order to assure you of the grief I have felt at being, I fear, the cause of your affairs being worse than if you had not known me. All I can say is, if God helps me, I shall not forget you. You can do nothing for me now; trust in God, and think of the eagle. Remember! all is written: we can change nothing of our fate by lamenting and grumbling. Therefore, it is better to be like a true Turk, and do our duty to the last, and then beg of the believers in one God a bit of daily bread, and, if it comes not, die of want, which perhaps is as good a death as any other, and less painful. But never act contrary to the dictates of conscience, of honour, of nature, or of humanity.'

A person with such a turn of mind is half an Asiatic already; the costume which she afterwards adopted was not more so than her creed. Of the latter Dr M., however, finds it difficult to give a distinct account—the former he thus describes:—

'Her turban, a coarse, woollen, cream-coloured Barbary shawl, was wound loosely round, over the red *fey* or *tarboush*, which covered her shaved head; a silk handkerchief, commonly worn by the Bedouin Arabs, known by the Arabic name of *keffiyah*, striped pale yellow and red, came between the *fey* and the turban, being tied under the chin, or let fall at its ends on each side of her face. A long sort of white merino cloak (*meishlik*, or *abah* in Arabic) covered her person from the neck to the ankles, looped in white silk brandenburgs over the chest; and, by its ample and majestic drapery and loose folds, gave to her figure the appearance of that fulness which it once really possessed. When her cloak happened accidentally to be thrown open in front, it disclosed beneath a crimson robe (*jookey*) reaching also to her feet, and, if in winter, a pelisse under it, and under that a cream-coloured or flowered gown (*kasibaz*), folding over in front, and girded with a shawl or scarf round the waist. Beneath the whole she wore scarlet pantaloons of cloth, with yellow low boots, called *mest*, having pump soles, or, in other words, a yellow

leather stocking, which slipped into yellow slippers or papouches. This completed her costume; and although it was, in fact, that of a Turkish gentleman, the most fastidious prude could not have found anything in it unbecoming a woman, except its association, as a matter of habit, with the male sex.

In the land of her adoption, Lady Hester became much mixed up with the affairs of pashas and princes: among these, as already mentioned, her nearest neighbour was Emir Beshyr, prince of the Druzes, and with him she had most to do. At a remote period, the ancestors of this treacherous man had migrated from the neighbourhood of Mecca. Their origin was noble, and the family reached to great consideration in Mount Lebanon, and stamped him who sprung from it as an emir, or prince. Though a Mahomedan born, he occasionally professed Christianity; but never was a man guilty of more barbarities. He became Lady Hester's determined enemy; but she was not a woman to be frightened, and openly cultivated, notwithstanding, the friendship of his rival, the Sheikh Beshyr; nay, she even sent to him insolent messages, calling him 'dog and monster.' On one occasion 'one of the Emir Beshyr's people came on some message to her, but, before he entered her room, laid by his pistols and his sabre, which, in Turkey, these myrmidons always wear on their persons. Lady Hester's maid whispered to her what the man was doing, when her ladyship, calling him in, bade him gird on his arms again. "Don't think I'm afraid of you or your master," she said; "you may tell him I don't care a fig for his poisons—I know not what fear is. It is for him, and those who serve him, to tremble. And tell the Emir Khalil (the Emir Beshyr's son), that if he enters my doors, I'll stab him—my people shall not shoot him, but I will stab him—I, with my own hand."

Lady Hester, after relating this to me, thus proceeded:—"The beast, as I spoke to him, was so terrified, doctor, that he trembled like an aspen leaf, and I could have knocked him down with a feather. The man told the Emir Beshyr my answer; for there was a tailor at work in the next room, who saw and heard him, and spoke of it afterwards. The emir puffed such a puff of smoke out of his pipe when my message was delivered, and then got up and walked out."

Emir Beshyr, it appears, is now more than eighty-four years old, and has been compelled to fly more than three or four times from his principality to Egypt, having, on many occasions, with difficulty escaped the vengeance of three successive pashas of Acre, who, for his treasonable practices, sought his head. In his last flight, it is suspected that he laid the plan with Mahomet Ali for the invasion of Syria, which Ibrahim Pasha subsequently undertook. The Druzes, of whom he is the emir, are a warlike people, hardy, accustomed to fatigue and to the use of arms, living in villages difficult of access and easily capable of defence, the houses being of stone. Besides the Druzes, there is a race of Christians, known as the Maronite population, whose villages cover that part of the chain of Mount Lebanon which runs behind Tripoli as far as Calat el Medyk, and the plain of Accár, where a narrow defile occurs, through which there is a communication between the plains of Accár and the Bkáa, which is the plain that divides Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. Beyond this defile the mountain rises into a lofty chain, running towards Latakia, and there dwell the Ansarás, the Ishmelites, and some other races. In connexion with these localities we have the following important narrative, explanatory of events which are even now acting there, and with which the columns of the daily papers frequently teem.

By arrangements, supposed to have been previously made between the emir and Ibrahim Pasha, and in order that it might look as if the emir was taken totally by surprise, one fine night in the summer several regiments of Ibrahim Pasha's troops were marched from Acre, Sayda, and Tripoli, on one side, and from Da-

mascus and Baalbec on the other, so as to arrive at Bledén (the emir's palace), at Dair-el-kamar (the chief town), and at all the other important points of Mount Lebanon precisely on the same day, and, as nearly as possible, precisely at the same hour. Either that the time had been well chosen, inasmuch as the Druzes were then employed in harvesting and other agricultural labours, or else the plan had been so laid as to insure success and to preclude resistance; the result was, that the mountain was taken possession of without firing a gun. The Emir Beshyr, acknowledged to be the most consummate and perfidious hypocrite of modern times, played his part so well, and feigned such great trepidation and alarm when two regiments marched into the courtyard of his palace, that he persuaded his household, his minister, and the Druze people in succession, that he was the victim of the stratagem as much as they were themselves.

The Druzes thus betrayed were of course treated with indignity: the whole of Syria also was thereby defenceless. Nothing was more likely than such conduct to excite Lady Hester's spleen and activity. Meantime, the spirit of the Druzes was not broken; though they fled from Mount Lebanon to the Horán, where they were joined by Bedouin Arabs, who hover round that quarter. The part that Lady Hester took was characteristic.

When Ibrahim Pasha made so easy a conquest of the mountain, a word fell from his mouth which, if ever the Druzes succeed in expelling him, may be said to have been the cause of his reverses. He is reported to have exclaimed from his divan, when the news of the entire occupation of Mount Lebanon, without firing a single shot, was brought to him, "What! those dogs of Druzes had not a single bullet for us?" This little sentence was repeated to Lady Hester, and not long afterwards a Druze of some note came to pay her a visit. As he entered the room, she abruptly addressed him in the same words. "Dog of a Druze! what! hadn't you one single bullet for Ibrahim Pasha?"—and then, with a sort of sarcastic pity, dilated on Ibrahim Pasha's exultation over them. She made it a byword among her servants; and not a Druze came near the house but he was saluted with, "Dog of a Druze! what! had not you a single bullet for the pasha?" To people connected with Ibrahim Pasha's government she told the same story, seemingly as if in praise of the pasha's bravery, who loved war so much that he could not bear an easy and bloodless conquest, even though to his own advantage. In every quarter, through every channel, the pasha's saying was echoed in the Druzes' ears; and his followers, thinking it an anecdote well told for their master, never considered that it rankled in the bosoms of the Druzes, who stung to the core by these cutting words, swore never to sleep until the hour of vengeance came.

The hour of vengeance did come; nor has it, as we may see from the daily papers, yet passed. Lady Hester foresaw and promoted the Druze insurrection. On the first outburst, she exclaimed, 'I don't fear; I would throw all my doors open if the Druzes were on the outside, and should not be afraid that anybody would touch me!' She was, no doubt, moved also by fanatical feelings: this is indicated by a dream in which she believed, and in which the dreamer had seen a hand waving over her head, and several crowned heads humbled before her—interpreted, of course, to mean the greatness that, at this juncture, she thought awaited her. It was thus she expected that she should be relieved of all her debts and disappointments. Most of these events, too, she connected with the Second Advent, in which doctrine she was a believer, and looked upon herself as the Woman desiderated by the St Simonians and the Freemasons. Many of them, she said, had been sent as spies on her actions. It was therefore with 'feverish greediness' that 'she received all reports of insurrections, revolts, and political changes. Even her servants knew her weakness on these points,' and constantly took advantage of it. She looked then for

the coming of the Mahedi,* and in expectation of it kept two favourite mares, which she never suffered any person to mount. They were called Läla and Lulu. Läla was exceedingly hollow-backed, being born saddled, as Lady Hester used to say, and with a double backbone: she was a chestnut, and Lulu a gray. They were both thoroughbred: they had each a groom, and were taken the greatest care of. The green plat of ground on the east side of the house-wall was set apart entirely for exercising them twice a day; and round this the grooms, with *longes*, were made to run them until they were well warmed. This spot was sacred; and, whilst they were at exercise, nobody, neither servant nor villager, was allowed to cross it, or to stand still to look at them, under the penalty of being dismissed her service. Such an order, from its nature, would necessarily be violated very often, but unknown to Lady Hester; for, as she never went out of her house, and could not overlook that side of it, a tacit understanding among the people made them true to their own secrets: but, from time to time, accident, or the unguarded disclosures of some of the maids, made her aware that her orders had been slighted, and then her anger exceeded all bounds. Few were the travellers who were admitted to see these mares in their stable; and never was the permission granted, until it had been ascertained that their star would not be baneful to them.

Horses in Syria, for about seven months in the year, are tethered out of doors, where they are fed and littered down. It was under a shed, covered with thatch, shut in at the two sides by a trellisage, with three parterres of flowers and shrubs behind them, that these two beautiful animals stood. Every morning, in the summer, the grooms washed their tails, legs, and manes in soap and water, and watered the ground beneath their feet, to keep them cool; but during the winter months, they were stalled in their stables, and warm felts covered their delicate limbs. Apis, in his most glorious days, and surrounded by his priesthood, could not have been better attended to.

Lady Hester Stanhope one day assured me that, when her pecuniary difficulties pressed hardest upon her, had it not been for the sake of those two creatures, she should have given up her house and everything to her creditors, sold her pension to pay them, and have quitted the country: but she resolved to wait for the consummation of events on their account. "Ah, doctor," added she, "I recollect, when I was at Rome, seeing, in a beautiful bas-relief, that very mare, with her hollow back made like a saddle. Two Englishmen were standing by, and were criticising the very same thing that caught my attention. 'How very beautiful,' said one, 'is that basso-relievo! but the ancients, somehow, never could set about a good thing without spoiling it. There is that hollow-backed horse—did you ever see such a thing?' I heard it all, but I made my own observations; and now, you see, I have got a mare of the very same breed."

What we have just related shows plainly enough that Lady Hester Stanhope had compounded her religion of the Bible and the Koran. It seems, indeed, that she professed no specific creed, and defined religion to be simply 'the adoration of the Almighty.' She had also a faith in spirits, astral influence, magic, and demonology. Early in life, too, the notorious Brothers had prophesied her seclusion in the desert; and truly some strong stimulus was needed to fortify her mind against the annoyances to which she was hourly liable. All her attempts to introduce European order into her Syrian

establishment failed, and her temper, always ungovernable, was constantly irritated in consequence. Still, she was better off than she would have been with European servants, for these could never have reconciled themselves to the seclusion, the unceasing activity, and long vigils required. As Turkish servants (to use a nautical phrase) *turn* in almost universally in their clothes, only drawing a counterpane over themselves when they lie down, they are enabled thus to steal a short sleep at any hour they can get it, 'and are ready to rise at a moment's call. This is a great advantage, especially to sick people: indeed, in Lady Hester's case, it almost compensated for all their faults. In the twinkling of an eye, upon an emergency, the whole household, only a moment before buried in profound sleep, would start up on their feet; and, their duty once over, would suddenly drop again into a deep slumber.' To compensate, on the wrong side, for this virtue—if it deserve so grand a name—they had no other which could be relied on, being neither honest nor chaste, and, least of all, diligent, save when under *surveillance*, and scarcely then.

If Lady Hester left England with the expectation of living more cheaply, she wofully deceived herself. Her generosity was so frequently in request, first, by the injured Jews of the pashalik, next by Abdallah Pasha himself, when outlawed by the Porte, that she soon found herself left without a farthing, and deeply burdened with debt, being compelled to borrow money at twenty-five per cent. Great were the anxiety and persecution she consequently suffered. But, nevertheless, her beneficence was not impaired in the least by her want of means. She was, says her biographer, 'indeed generous and charitable, giving with a large hand, as eastern kings are represented to have given. She would send whole suits of clothes, furnish rooms, order camels and mules to convey two or three quarters of wheat at a time to a necessitous family, and pay carpenters and masons to build a poor man's house; she had a munificence about her that would have required the revenue of a kingdom to gratify. Hence, too, sprung that insatiable disposition to hoard—not money, but what money could buy: she seemed to wish to have stores of whatever articles were necessary for the apparel, food, and convenience of man. Beds, counterpanes, cushions, carpets, and such-like furniture, lay rotting in her storerooms. Utensils grew rusty, wine spoiled; reams of paper were eaten by the mice, or mildewed by the damp; carpenters' work lay unserviceable, from an over-supply; mats rotted; candles, almonds, raisins, dried figs, cocoa, honey, cheese—no matter what—all was laid by in destructive profusion; and every year half was consumed by rats, ants, and other vermin, or otherwise spoiled. One storeroom, which was filled with clothes, linen, bedding, cushions, books, carpets, and counterpanes, together with locked-up trunks, full of what was most valuable, had not been entered for three years; and oh, what ruin and waste did I not discover!"

'When I told her of all this, and suggested that it would be better to give them to her poor pensioners, she said—"Such things do not ever cause me a moment's thought: I would rather they should have been used to some good purpose; but if I have got such rascals about me, why, let the things all rot, sooner than that they should profit by them. Money can replace all that; and if God sends me money, I will do so. If he does not, he knows best what should be; and it would not give me a moment's sorrow to lie down in a cottage with only rags enough to keep me warm. I would not even then change places with Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham, or any of them: they can't do what I can; so of what use are all their riches? I have seen some of them make such a fuss about the loss of a ten-guinea ring, or some such bauble; not that they cared for it, but they could not bear to lose it. But if I want to know what is passing at Constantinople, or London, or anywhere, I have no

* The title of Mahedi was given to Abulcasem Mohammed, the last of the imams of the race of Ali, born in the year 235 of the hegira. At nine years of age, he was shut up in a cavern by his mother, who is supposed, by the superstitious followers of Mahomet, still to keep watch over him, until he shall reappear at the end of the world, when he will unite himself with Jesus Christ; and the two religions, Mussulman and Christian, being merged into one, he will, in conjunction with our Saviour, finally overcome the machinations of the antichrist.—HERSELOT.

thing to do but to turn my thoughts that way, and in a quarter of an hour I have it all before me, just as it is; so true, doctor, that if it is not actually passing, it will be in a month, in three months—so true: isn't it extraordinary?"

"Upon some occasions her munificence wore the appearance of ostentation. She would bestow on strangers, like dervises, sheikhs, and fakirs, large sums of money, and yet drive hard bargains with those about her neighbourhood: and would sometimes make presents, not so much to comfort those who received them, as to display her own superiority and greatness over others."

In the midst of this penury and extravagance came a sudden and unexpected blow from England. An application had been made to the English government by one Mâalem Homay, a creditor of Lady Hester Stanhope, in consequence of which an order was sent from Lord Palmerston to stop her pension unless the debt was paid. The letter conveying this intelligence reached Lady Hester at a time when she was expecting one from Sir Francis Burdett, with news of good fortune in an accession of property. What with the disappointment on the one hand, and the insult, as she esteemed the official announcement to be, on the other, her indignation knew no bounds. It is painful to go into the particulars; but her well-known letter to the queen was the result of the disease of mind, driven almost to insanity, which she experienced on the occasion. To the Duke of Wellington and other official persons she also wrote on the same subject; but every new step she took was only an additional imprudence, and, in fine, she was, by her own conduct, thrown into a condition of irretrievable bankruptcy. But in the proportion that her affairs became desperate, her spirit rose, her pride augmented, and, as her frenzy increased, she triumphed in her ruin.

She had long suffered under a pulmonary complaint, her health was further affected by her afflictions, and her irritability became intolerable both to herself and others. The picture drawn by Dr M. of Lady Hester's mental sufferings is ghastly; and it is with reference to them that he defends her from the censures of travellers, for declining their visits. It appears that she sometimes declined visits, merely because she had not the means of entertaining guests.

We must now draw our imperfect notices to a conclusion. Lady Hester at length resolved to reduce her establishment, and to dismiss Dr M. and his family. She hastened his departure, employing him a few days before it in paying off the servants. She had determined to keep none but two boys, a man to fetch water, the gardener, and some girls. These arrangements completed, she turned her attention to the accomplishment of her strange project—that of building up every avenue to her premises, and waiting there with patience, immured within the walls, until it should please God to send help. The gateway was completely masked by a screen, which left a side opening just large enough for a cow or an ass laden with water to enter. She was suffering at the time under the most formidable attack of pulmonary catarrh which Dr M. had ever seen a human being withstand. But she thought, nevertheless, her constitution invulnerable; 'she thought she should yet live to see her enemies confounded, the sultan triumphant, her debts paid, and an ample income at her disposal. She dwelt with the same apparent confidence as ever on the approaching advent of the Mahedi, and still looked on her mare, Lâila, as destined to bear him, with herself on Lulu by his side. "I shall not die in my bed," she would say, "and I had rather not; my brothers did not; and I have always had a feeling that my end would be in blood: that does not frighten me in the least."

In all this she was, however, mistaken. In June 1839 she died; 'slowly wasting away, everybody being in ignorance of her approaching end, except Logmagni and the servants immediately about her. She had no Frank or European near her, and Lanardi, who was

coming out to her from Leghorn, reached Beyrouth unfortunately too late. Her emaciated corpse was interred in the same grave where the body of Captain Loustaunau had been placed, some years before, in her own garden.'

Such was the termination of a life which Dr M. justly terms 'extraordinary'—full of vicissitudes—'beginning in pomp and power, and closing in pecuniary difficulties and neglect.' An aristocrat by birth, Lady Hester Stanhope was eminently one in her feelings, her principles, and her conduct. Every thing she did was, as a Dr Canova said of her, '*en grand*—there was nothing little about her.' Whatever we may think of her extravagances, whether in action or opinion, we must confess that she was a great woman. There was certainly a want of balance in her mind, owing to her intellectual not having been so well cultivated as her moral powers; but there was a wonderful energy of faith in the good and true. That she always meant to act and speak in accordance therewith, there is no doubt; that frequently she did neither, there is as little. Much of her conversation, there is reason to suspect, is misrepresentation; but she thought it quite accurate. In fact, it was rendered merely *mythical* by her blending with the stern fact the unsuspected impression of her own fancies and feelings. Lady Hester Stanhope trusted also too much to unassisted memory; and though hers evidently was strong, yet the most tenacious will, in the course of time, become indistinct and confused in its relative bearings, and places, periods, and persons, will shift about with extraordinary mutation. Dr M. attempts to draw a moral from the evident unhappiness of her latter life. 'Although her buoyant spirits usually bore her up against the weight by which she was oppressed, still there were moments of poignant grief, when all efforts at resistance were vain, and her very soul groaned within her. She was ambitious, and her ambition had been foiled; she loved irresponsible command, but the time had come when those over whom she had ruled defied her; she was dictatorial and exacting, but she had lost the talisman of that influence which alone makes people tolerate control when it interferes with the freedom of thought and action. She had neglected to secure wealth while she had it in her power; but the feelings which prompted her princely munificence were as warm as ever, now that the means were gone which enabled her to gratify them. Her mind was in a perpetual struggle between delusive schemes and incompetent resources. She incurred debts, and she was doomed to feel the degradation consequent on them. She entertained visionary projects of aggrandisement, and was met by the derision of the world. She spurned the conventional rules of that society in which she had been bred, and perhaps violated propriety in the realisation of a singularity in which she gloried. There was the rock on which she was finally wrecked; for, as Madame de Staél somewhere says, a man may brave the censures of society, but a woman must accommodate herself to them. She was thought to defy her own nation, and they hurled the defiance back upon her. She held in contempt the gentler qualities of her own sex, who, in return, were not slow to resent the masculine characteristics on which she presumed to maintain her assumed position. She carried with her from England the disposition to conciliate, by kindness and forbearance, the fidelity and obedience of her domestics; but she was eventually led into undue harshness towards them, which became more and more exaggerated in her by the idleness, the ignorance, and irritating vices of her eastern household.'

There is much truth in these remarks; but we must recollect that the mark by which we generally distinguish original genius, is its freedom from conventional restraints. In a worldly point of view, the exercise of this liberty is too often imprudent; but the inconvenience thence resulting is the penalty which great minds pay for fame. In asserting superior privileges, we take on ourselves increased responsibilities. If Lady Hester

Stanhope had been more conventional in her tastes and habits, she would never have become the subject of Dr M.'s memoirs—she would have died without celebrity, as she might have lived without reproach.

AFFABILITY.

It was a happy saying of the half-civilised New Zealander, when apologising for the rather vehement eloquence of his untutored brother, 'that his mouth was great because his heart was warm.' In other words, the savage was of a frank, generous, and open nature. Had he been a sulky, morose barbarian, he would have drawn his cloak up to his chin, and met the white man with frowns instead of words, or slunk away to the forest; a cunning, selfish barbarian, only intent on presents of muskets and tobacco, and he would have cringed and touched noses till he had melted the expected donor into liberality; or a treacherous savage, and he would have brought pigs and potatoes, spread the mat, and lighted the fire for the stranger against whom, during sleep, he had determined to raise the tomahawk. But he had a warm heart, and therefore he shook hands, talked, whooped, and danced—shook hands, talked, and whooped again. 'His mouth was great because his heart was warm.' The same attribute obtains among every class of people—enlightened as well as barbarian; only amongst the former it is known by the more familiar and less figurative term—Affability.

Though literally signifying the disposition to talk to, or converse with, affability is totally distinct from garrulity. A garrulous person is ever chattering either from vanity of some fancied acquirement, or for the mere gratification of a gossiping propensity. There is no generosity or nobleness of sentiment in his talk; no reflection or feeling which you can associate with any amiable quality either of head or of heart. In fact, he speaks more the less he thinks, and, like a shallow brook, makes all the greater noise that there is no breadth or volume in the source whence his chattering proceeds. He is an annoyance and hindrance to every one, inundating them with talk, without respect to time, situation, or occasion. He would much rather that he was listened to only by great people; but, failing these, he will stick like a limpet to any one forbearing, or weak enough to grant him an audience. The 'indeed,' 'very good,' and 'ah, really,' which the listener meant as conclusive interjections, the chatterer mistakes for incentives, and so proceeds with increased volubility. Nay, the direct 'so I have heard,' or 'I don't care for that,' has no power to obstruct the current of his words: he rather glories in a little interference, that he may have the pleasure of placing the matter in what he conceives to be an entirely new light. Be the listeners gay or sad, exulting over success or sorrowing under some severe privation, it is all one to the chatterer; he has no more appreciation of their feelings than if he had been a speaking automaton. Not so with the affable man: he addresses this or that one, because he acts from the impulses of a frank, generous, and brotherly nature. There is an unmistakeable import in his words, however few; nay, his very air and manner would amply interpret his feelings, though his words were altogether wanting. This gift of affability has no special hankерings after the titled or great. Its morning salute or weather remark comes in tones as frank and kindly to the pauper as to the peer, perhaps more so, as considerations arise in connexion with the former to which the feelings of the affable are peculiarly alive. Open and generous as is this disposition of affability, it knows that the tones of hilarity are as bitterness to the mourner, and that condolence is not for the individual boisterous with joy. The affable man has a head to perceive as well as a heart to feel, and thus he knows when, where, and to whom to address his conversation. No one ever wished that he should say one word less, or felt for a moment as if he could have bowed him from his presence.

As affability has nothing in common with garrulity,

so it is far removed from officiousness. The officious man elbows himself forward where his presence is often the least desired; and tendera his questionable services in cases where such offers are a positive rudeness and annoyance. In company, conversation is absolutely drugged with his opinions; and he questions with such pertinacity, that one would imagine he had received the commission of confessor-general to society. He is ever obtruding on other people's business, on the plea of tendering assistance; and his advice follows so rapidly, that it would seem all other men were doots, and he the only one capable of directing them. To be sure officiousness often manifests itself where it cannot possibly have any personal object to serve, and where it is evidently the result of vanity, or of a want of power to discriminate between what is strictly private, and what is the legitimate object of a friendly interest. The affable man is never at fault in this respect. He has a delicate perception of where he shall or shall not present himself; and his generous courtesy often renders him a welcome visitor, under circumstances which would be absolutely exclusive of other individuals. He is frank, because it is his nature to be so, but his generosity teaches him what is due to others; hence he is never found obtruding. Officiousness is an offence, a characteristic of mind, which impinges on others; affability a virtue, which appears chiefly as flowing from its possessor. In the one case we look upon society as the sufferers, in the other we admire the amiable gifts of the individual. The affable man converses freely on subjects which he may approach, maintaining all the while a proper deference for the opinions of others. His sentiments are expressed without any semblance of opinionativeness; and though approaching and approachable in every respect, there is none of that interference and counsellendering which renders the officious so insufferable.

Again, affability, though implying a frank, courteous, and kindly demeanour, has nothing to do with impertinent familiarity. Proceeding upon the idea, that it is only from members of the same family, and from the most intimate acquaintances, that we are to permit familiarity, there can be nothing so objectionable in ordinary behaviour as this characteristic. Your familiar man is quite as intimate with you on the occasion of your second meeting, as though he had been your brother or bosom companion. He thrusts his arm into yours with an air of easy assurance, takes you by the button, or slaps your shoulder, calls you by your Christian name, which, if John, he is sure in a few seconds to familiarise into Jack; congratulates, condoles, or questions you on matters so strictly personal, that you are really at a loss whether to pity him for his stupidity, or kick him for his impudence. Affability never offends on this score. It is the emanation of a manly sensibility, discharging itself in society freely and generously, yet without overstepping the bounds of the strictest politeness. The affable man can converse, or can be conversed with, on the occasion of his first meeting, with the most perfect freedom, can render the stage-coach or steamboat agreeable by his obliging and intelligent demeanour; and this too without appearing at the end of the journey in any other light than that of a pleasant stranger. You may meet him five times or fifty times, he will be the same respectful acquaintance—the same frank and buoyant conversationist, who feels that he owes the duty of cheerful words to his fellow-men—a debt which he can perfectly well discharge, without transgressing the limits of a merely general relation. Nay, it is this very generality of feeling, this truly cosmopolite spirit of social frankness, that carries him beyond officiousness and familiarity. In the light of kindness, every man stands in the same relation to him; and it is a littleness of which he has no conception, to drop from the broad principle of brotherly recognition to that of personal intermeddling.

It is sometimes objected by a certain narrow-minded set, that the practice of affability tends to lessen the respect of their subordinates; in other words, interferes

with what they imagine to be their personal dignity. 'Dignity' must have a very questionable foundation indeed if its stability even runs the risk of being affected by a frank and courteous demeanour. There may be such a thing as servility engendered by fear and hypocrisy, but there can be nothing like true respect when it is not acquired by kindness and consideration. It is familiarity on the part of a superior, not affability, that induces subordinates to indulge in improper liberties. The nobleman may have a kind and pleasant word for the meanest man on his estate without losing one tittle of real dignity: and so may the master have for his employé, without compromising either his authority or right to direct. It often happens, because there is too little attention bestowed upon the culture of this characteristic, that the employed conceives a dislike for the employer, and acts as if his interests were at variance. A few kindly words, a little considerate attention, on the part of masters, always supposing it to be in union with substantial justice, would prevent, we are confident, much of that unpleasant feeling of class which so frequently prevails, and would be the most effectual extinguisher to those strikes and feuds which form one of the most unamiable features of the present age.

Such is affability, taken in contradistinction to garrulity, officiousness, or familiarity. As a quality by itself, it is one of the most amiable that can adorn the human character. Proceeding from a generous feeling of brotherly love—from a broad principle of philanthropy, which knows no personal or sectarian antipathies—it breathes kindness and encouragement to all. It carries an atmosphere of cheerfulness around it, makes the desponding think that the world is not quite so bad after all, lightens the burden of the oppressed, smooths the wrinkles of the fretful and sulky, and reconciles to each other the offending and offended. The public street would be but a vista of moving automatons, were it not for the friendly recognition, the hearty shake of the hand, or the affectionate inquiries of your affable men. Without them the business of life would be a sullen huckstering, interrupted only by the impertinences of the officious and familiar. Be it in public or in private, affability is ever a welcome attendant, soothing down asperities, and thawing that reserve which is apt to degenerate into heartless coldness or positive ill-breeding. As it is pleasant and agreeable and useful to others, so is it indicative of a manly and generous sensibility. It is incompatible with a morose, selfish, or deceitful nature; and we may rest assured, with the New Zealander, that he who owns it, 'has his mouth great because his heart is warm.'

THE HARTSDALE VINDICATOR, OR MODERN INNOVATIONS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'WELL, my dear sir, have you heard the news?' said Major Stukely, a retired officer in an English country town, to a friend who had only just returned home after an absence of some weeks.

'Not a word have I heard that deserves to be called news,' replied he; 'what is going on, pray?'

'Why, a railway is to pass through the town; that is all.'

'A railway! nonsense,' cried the other; 'we are very well as we are. Everything goes on very nicely at present. The stage-coach that comes to the town daily, is sufficient for all the traffic; and to break in upon this quiet rural scene with one of their horrid snorting locomotives, would be a downright sin.'

'Gentlemen, you will all come to my way of thinking at last,' interposed Mr Elliot, the medical practitioner of the place, as he joined the group. 'We must have a paper to protect our interests. What with the new poor-laws, and fifty other newfangled things, we shall

go completely to the wall if we do not assert our opinions, and have our say against such innovations. Ah, if old Sir George had been living, he would have taken care to preserve such a fine hunting county as this from these abominable changes. For my own part, I should not wonder if, in twenty years, there is not a fox to be found. As for our member, the present Sir George, he is not a bit of a sportsman; in fact, I look upon him as a traitor, and think, when we do establish a paper, he ought to be shown up. Why, he has actually given permission for the railway to pass right through his park.'

'But he stipulated for a bridge over it, and really some persons think his property is in no way injured,' interrupted one who, though speaking in a gentle voice, ventured to have an opinion of her own on two or three subjects. 'And as for the foxes,' she continued, 'if the end and aim of hunting be their extirpation, as we must suppose, the result of all these changes which you anticipate will be a very happy one.'

'Ah, Miss Somers,' said Mr Elliot, 'you have not led a country life, or you would not speak in that way.'

'Nay, ever since I left school, for seven years Hartsdale has been my home,' she replied; 'yet I think now, as I thought long ago, that the chase is an occupation only fit for savages, and that the lover of it must of necessity be devoid of humanity and intellectual cultivation. To be sure I feel so great a disgust towards sportsmen, that I have as little compassion for them as they bestow on the brutes, and never can grieve when the loss of life or limb brings them their just deserts. However, as you say, had I lived all my life in the country, and been taken when a little girl to see the hounds throw off, and been taught by my brothers that it was a fine thing to maim poor birds, and to torture a timid hare, perhaps I might have thought differently. But I am thankful to Providence that, as it is, I know how to call some things by their right names.'

Louisa Somers warmed as she spoke, for she felt keenly on the subjects then under discussion. And it is a happy thing for the improvement of the world, that young minds are for ever springing up, untrammelled by old habits or deep-rooted prejudices, but with strong energies and fresh hearts, ready to open out new and better paths.

'I was saying,' proceeded Mr Elliot, who was an excellent man, though a little wrong-headed on some points—'I was saying that, since Sir George has declared himself on the side of these ridiculous and mischievous innovators, I have no hope for Hartsdale but in the firmness and consistency of its inhabitants; and I think the idea of a monthly newspaper an admirable one. Every considerable body requires its organ. We have been too long without one, and have consequently become the prey of interlopers and speculators of all sorts.'

The somewhat pompous major, who had carried into private life some of the prejudices of his military career, was a hater of all new plans and projects, perfectly agreed with the doctor, and favoured him with many suggestions thought by both to be very admirable.

The conversation to which I have alluded took place on the occasion of a tea-party at the house of the Misses Gunning, two ancient ladies, who, though they bore the traces of having been dowered in their youth with beauty not inferior to that of their famous namesakes, had passed their lives in a calm seclusion the very opposite to the career of the celebrated dames. Miss Elizabeth, the younger, had been betrothed forty years ago to a handsome soldier cousin, who fell in the peninsular war. The shock to her mind, and the grief that followed his death, brought on a tedious illness, and during many years her sister Susan devoted herself to the suf-

ferer with that self-devotion, patience, and affection, which belong to the heroism of private life. Tenderly attached to each other, the minds of both were sobered down from youth's giddiness by that which had been a mutual grief; and even when Time, the healer, had worked its cure, they looked on the world with different eyes, different wishes, different expectations, from those of their untroubled days. They determined to live for each other only, and, several years before this little story opens, they chose Laurel Cottage for their residence.

If I am too minute in sketching the incidents which had moulded such simple characters as theirs, the reader will bear with it, because it is only by remembering the quiet course of their latter years, and the tone of feeling—so averse to change—which prevailed in the little town, that he can understand the perplexities which came upon its inhabitants. A word must be said about Hartsdale itself. Tradition attributes the name to some romantic incident of a hart escaping thither from the hunters, one of whom lost his life in attempting to follow it down a ravine. The spot is shown by the learned to the curious to this day. Situated in a beautiful valley of one of the midland counties of England, and distant about twelve miles from a cathedral city, Hartsdale, though it boasts a market once a-week, and enumerates other privileges which help to constitute a town instead of a village, is a place to which change and improvements for some time travelled but slowly; and this, although in the 'old times' of fiery red, bright blue, and blinding yellow stage-coaches, no fewer than ten of these machines passed down the High Street in the course of the day. But alas! they passed, or seldom indeed stopped to cast upon the barrenness one particle of news. Yet stay! The 'Telegraph,' moving with a four-horse power at the rate of eight miles an hour, did in those golden days change horses at the White Hart Inn, and consequently and naturally the Telegraph was voted by the Hartsdalianas to be the safest, quickest, finest, and everyday most desirable vehicle on the road. From the driver or passengers of the Telegraph a morsel of news sometimes fell, like a crumb to the hungry; but the mail even dropped the letter-bag without stopping! Nevertheless I have a firm conviction that the circumstance of the town lying in a road through which ten coaches per day, to different parts of the kingdom, must pass, had been a pride, a pleasure, and an attraction, not to be estimated by those who, from their proximity to populous places, have rather an aversion than otherwise to the sound of wheels.

But a new era was at hand; within the last two years the railways had intruded on Hartsdale: those moral arteries which, traversing the kingdom from end to end, carrying intelligence of all sorts to and from its mighty heart, and so removing prejudices, jealousies, and enmities, are destined to prove among those triumphs of science which bless and regenerate mankind. But the little community, not clear-sighted or long-sighted enough to perceive all these advantages, and full of local pride and present interests, saw nothing but the petty inconveniences and personal injuries attendant on the changes of the time. One by one the stage-coaches dropped away, just in proportion as the new lines in the neighbouring counties were thrown open. No longer could the schoolmistress dismiss her little flock without reference to clock or sun-dial, knowing full well that when the horn of the 'Defiance' fast coach was sounded, it must be one o'clock. No longer could the grocer's wife regulate her spouse's dinner-hour by the appearance of 'Lightning' on the brow of the hill. The proud Defiance lay humbled to the dust, wheelless and degraded, in a coachmaker's yard, preparatory to being chopped up for firewood; and Lightning was extinct, or departed no one knew whither. At last a pert new-stuccoed station was erected within three miles of the town, and the encroaching iron enemy thus brought as it were to their very door. Even the Telegraph—their own dear

Telegraph—that had been true to them through all, showed symptoms of desertion. Yet what could it do, poor thing? It died very hard. Day after day it drove through the town without a single passenger; then the four horses were reduced to two; and, finally, so convinced were the Hartsdalianas that it had 'done all which it became a coach to do' in the maintenance of its existence and its dignity—so clearly did they perceive that it was vanquished only by the stern power of a relentless foe—that though tears were shed at the announcement, pity was bestowed upon the proprietor and coachman, instead of the torrent of reproach which had been showered on the heads of the earlier deserters.

And now the blow had fallen—Hartsdale was without a coach! And it must be acknowledged that several inconveniences were the result. Not only did the Misses Gunning feel lonely and desolate, now that they could no longer start to their window half-a-dozen times a-day to behold a coach-load of dusty or mud-bespattered travellers, but whenever they themselves made an excursion of a few miles—it scarcely mattered in which direction—a calamity fell on them, to which custom brought no reconciling feelings. Their elderly man-servant Peter, in addition to his care of the garden, was groom to, and driver of, a stout horse, to which was ordinarily attached a low phaeton. The body of the carriage only held the two ladies conveniently—though there were many persons who thought there was abundant room for a third—but the seat beside the driver was one surely open for lawful competition. Now that there were no coaches to take them short stages, what could people possessing neither carriages nor horses do but—beg the use of them from their more fortunate neighbours? Sometimes—if the weather were doubtful there was the ready plea—there came a courteous message at breakfast-time to ask, 'if the Misses Gunning were going into C— that day, would they be so very kind as to give Mr So-and-so a seat beside Peter? or if they were not going to use the phaeton any day that week, he would consider it a particular obligation if they would lend it to him. Mrs So-and-so had heard that their darling Eleanor, at school seven miles off, had fallen down and hurt her wrist, and she was so anxious to see her—cross roads—no conveyance—a thousand apologies,' &c. &c.

Now, the dear old ladies had the kindest hearts in the world—hearts so kind that their humanity extended to the brutes; and they plainly perceived that the position of their horse Tartar was ceasing to be the enviable one it had long been considered. A council was held, to which Peter was called; and he, judging, as he said, by the manner in which Tartar threw back his ears, either when he started with an unusual load or took up a stray pedestrian on the way, was of opinion that the horse could not stand it. Alas! alas! many a time the ladies deprived themselves of their accustomed ride to oblige an acquaintance, stipulating always, however, that Peter should drive, on which occasions he took care that Tartar should neither go too far nor too fast.

And now another disturbance was coming, like an avalanche, upon Hartsdale. The railway had brought so many strangers to the spot, that its 'capability' and 'resources' were perceived and acknowledged. It was thought a pity that the clear and rapid stream, which flowed like a girdle half round its sheltering hills, should sink into the navigable river, which nearer to the ocean it fed, without fulfilling some useful destiny—something more important, if less poetical, than laving the graceful willows which overhung its waters. In fact, rumour said that a great capitalist was in treaty for some land, and that a paper mill would be erected in the valley. The idea of a newspaper to support what seemed the tottering interests of Hartsdale was certainly a bold one, and its establishment was a proof what great things determined perseverance may accomplish. Mr Elliot was the apothecary of the place, but fortunately

for him he possessed some private property, for really the Hartsdalians were so remarkably healthy that it is very probable his gentle wife and rosy children would have fared something worse than they did. Fortunate, too, was it in another sense; for his labours were so light, that they afforded him abundant leisure for the cultivation of a literary taste, which it was said had descended to him thus:—His grandfather had, in the brilliant days of his contemporary Hayley, contributed verses to the Gentleman's Magazine, which same effusions, though published anonymously, were registered in the family archives as his; albeit certain critics of the time had attributed them to the immortal bard before mentioned. His immediate progenitor had once had the honour of dining in company with Byron—had even spoken to and shaken hands with him. Whereon it was supposed he took the infection of poesy; for immediately on his return home, he, being very much in love with the lady who ultimately became Mr Elliot's honoured mamma, did indite to her sundry verses or stanzas, which were deemed in themselves so admirable, and every way worthy of preservation, that they were, on the occasion of the marriage, which took place soon afterwards, placed beside the celebrated printed extracts from the Gentleman's Magazine. In the present Mr Elliot the propensity had been more strongly and decidedly developed: he had been a poet from his youth; was quite accustomed to see himself in print; had thrice sent verses to the very editors who now treated his prose communications with so much neglect, which verses had been by them promoted to a place in the Poets' Corner of their respective journals; and had absolutely published a pamphlet on some political topic—I forget what—in which he took great interest.

It was now discovered that Mr Elliot must have been intended by nature for a newspaper editor, an opinion in which, it must be confessed, he was not slow to join. And yet what a mighty weight of business fell on his shoulders! What consultations, what meetings, what tea-parties were there, before even a name could be decided on! At last, and by almost universal consent, 'The Hartsdale Vindicator' was adopted as a title that would express the championship, which was undertaken most completely. But when it was known to all the active spirits of the place, and to at least two-thirds of the Hartsdalians in general, that Mr Elliot was self-appointed to the cares and difficulties of editing 'their paper,' it all at once occurred to him that an air of mystery was customary in these important literary offices. The majestic editorial we ought to be a concealing visor, as well as an Achilles' shield, from behind which the champion should hurl the arrows of honest indignation. Mr Elliot knew himself to be but mortal: how could he be sure to resist the beseechings of friends, or the workings of party interests, if his privacy were to be invaded by open petitions? How could he anathematise a railway, when his dearest friend confided to him that he held many shares therein? How could he utterly extinguish the spreading light of a new book, on the title-page of which appeared his name, 'with the author's kindest regards?' It was not to be thought of. No; the strictest incognito must be preserved; and forthwith the editor of the Vindicator was spoken of as a mysterious shade: indeed hints were thrown out (the Hartsdalians would not have told a downright fib for the world) of two or three of these incorporeal personages being rolled into one. It was almost, if not altogether impossible, they said, that one person could manage such an affair. A variety of style was indispensable. Departments of politics, literature, science, and art, were spoken about as things requiring each an *Atlas* shoulder for its support; and any confirmation of another's opinion beyond the nod or the shake of a head, was looked upon as an act of high treason. Of course there was a little knot, including the Misses Gunning, Major Stukely, and Louisa Somers, who owned to each other that they knew all about it.

The directing mental influence being thus decided

on, and contributions of various sorts having been received, and accepted or rejected with due forms and proper courtesy, some duller and more matter-of-fact details came under discussion. As the little knot included the chief 'proprietors' of the work, they were consulted on the size of the projected paper, and the manner of printing it. One timid spirit suggested that it should be printed at the cathedral city, which was the capital of the county; but his single voice was drowned in the exclamations of disapprobation which escaped from the others, at a suggestion so derogatory to the proper dignity of all. The circumstance of Hartsdale not possessing a printing-press within the circle of its entire domain, was one of no importance; or rather, such a fact brought to light was only a reason they should more quickly rid themselves of a reproach so suggestive of barbaric darkness. And I do not think the community will easily forget the day on which the carrier's cart brought in the dingy apparatus—a second-hand press, which had seen considerable service—whose destiny it was to usher forth the first number of the glorious *Vindicator*. Old and young, rich and poor, rushed forth to get a peep at it; and although the bells were not set ringing, I know many persons thought the omission very culpable.

The first number at length appeared, in all the importance of eight pages, three columns each. The title was printed on a flourishing scroll, and beneath it was seen a Shakespeare motto. The leading article treated temperately but firmly on the injuries the Hartsdalians had endured, were suffering, and were likely to receive, from divers daring intruders on their rights and privileges. The local intelligence, on which considerable pains had been bestowed, was of a fair average quality, and that was all that could be expected. Louisa Somers—who would not write one line in opposition to what she felt were coming improvements, but who dared not yet become their defender, knowing well that to attack prejudices violently is the way to strengthen them—had contributed an amusing column of gossip about a recent visit to the metropolis, and which everybody, who was not in the secret, attributed to a London correspondent; and somebody else had written a punning poem on the Ruin of the County, taking for his text certain fragments of brick and stone, said to be the remains of an ancient castle, but turning the word with punsterly dexterity to the miseries which threatened their hearths and homes. Altogether, the Hartsdale *Vindicator* was pronounced a neat and interesting paper. A copy was sent to Sir George, the member, who instantly subscribed for a twelvemonth's supply; and the early numbers went off capitally, for most of the Hartsdalians took several to send to distant friends. If the truth must be owned, however, the sale was not such as to promise an increase of revenue to the proprietors; and though friends flattered, strangers often applauded, and fees at any rate were silent, there were drawbacks on the dignity of proprietorship and the joys of editorial authority. The interval of a month between the numbers was a long one, and mischief of a grave kind was often done before the *Vindicator* had an opportunity of raising its voice in defence of good old customs. Excavations were made, and lines laid down, with alarming rapidity; a tall red chimney was already showing itself, seeming, at a little distance, to grow up foot by foot from the rich foliage which skirted the river; till it was soon evident that, before the end of the next summer, the paper-mills would be in full operation.

All looked on with terror and dismay, except Louisa Somers, the curate's sister, who ventured sometimes to own she thought it possible much good might arise from the seeming evil. But then Louisa was not a Hartsdalian born or bred, and so her eccentric notions were looked upon with some leniency. And yet she must have loved Hartsdale very much I think; and certainly the poor of the place loved her most dearly, notwithstanding her heterodox opinions. Possessed of a small fortune, just enough for lady-like independence, and no more, she

preferred the useful life she fashioned for herself, as mistress of her brother's quiet home, to all the vanities and vexations she might have found amid the gaieties of the metropolis, where the remainder of the family resided. But she was one of those young women, to whose lists I would fondly hope each year adds many, who believe that, whether high or low their station, they have duties to perform in the world apart from mere selfish gratifications, and who would blush to declare what I have twice heard gravely said, 'I have only to get up in the morning and amuse myself all day!' Louisa found something sweeter than amusement in the performance of the active duties she had marked out for herself, or perhaps, more properly speaking, had fallen into. She had made the great discovery, that it is truer benevolence to assist the poor to help themselves, than to bestow on them gold and silver; and though some people thought it a great inconsistency, the fact remains, that she would often give out dresses of her own to be made by the chief dressmaker of Hartsdale; at the very time that she was devoting morning after morning to patiently instructing the children of the poor in the mysteries of the needle and the thimble, in which she was a great adept. Not that she neglected to perform the Christian duties of visiting the sick and feeding the hungry, but her chief aim in all her exertions was to instruct the young, and urge them to habits of self-dependence. And, alas! to own the truth, the poor of Hartsdale were very numerous and very wretched; they were of that low class with whom beggary is held to be no shame.

'And, Martha,' said Miss Somers one morning to her servant, as, with only a garden bonnet to shade her from the sun, and wearing a simple morning dress, which nevertheless was anything but unbecoming, she stood in the garden opposite the open laundry window—'Martha, I have promised the widow Forster's girls that they shall have the benefit of seeing you iron to-day. You know you are the best clear-starcher in the town, and I daresay they will be here directly. I had to bribe them, it is true, by offering to pay them for their assistance; but take care you let them touch only such things as they cannot spoil. Poor things, they are sadly—'

But at this moment Louisa stopped, for, happening to turn round, she perceived a gentleman, a stranger, just at her elbow.

'Your pardon, madam, for this intrusion,' he exclaimed, removing his hat with an air of perfect good-breeding; 'but as neither my groom nor I could discover the bell, I have left my horse with him, and ventured to enter at a side gate which I found open. I have the honour of bearing a letter of introduction to Mr Somers,' he added, 'and feel almost sure that I have the pleasure of addressing his sister.'

Miss Somers led the way to the drawing-room, which in the curate's cottage was not very distant from the laundry, but where books, drawings, and musical instruments, proclaimed that the young mistress found time to cultivate the refinements of life, as well as discharge its useful active offices. The stranger was Mr Percival, who had recently purchased the land by the water's edge, and was erecting paper-mills thereon. Louisa was not at all alarmed at her visitor, not even surprised to find him a handsome and very agreeable person; though it is pretty certain the Hartsdalians in general entertained much such a notion of him as children deeply read in fairy tales may be supposed to do of an ogre.

'From the few words I accidentally overheard,' said Mr Percival, after chatting for a while on several more general topics, 'I feel sure that in Miss Somers I shall find no opponent to my views and wishes. You have discovered that the mere donation of money and food to the poor is but one way to increase pauperism, by destroying all feelings of self-respect and self-reliance. I foresee that you, madam,' he added with a smile, 'will not think it harder for a strong girl to fold or smooth

paper for ten or twelve hours a-day, than for her to walk half a dozen miles to some great house and back again in search of the refuse of the larder; and it may even occur to you that the meal honestly earned will in a very little time seem much the sweeter of the two.'

'I do think so,' replied Louisa; 'but I believe we must act by the poor of Hartsdale in the same manner as it is prudent to do with the higher classes of its inhabitants—we must let them perceive the advantages of these coming changes themselves, rather than reiterate them from day to day. A prejudice is like a porcupine, which only bristles up the more it is attacked.'

Mr Percival smiled at the simile, but heartily agreed with Louisa.

In short, after a somewhat lengthened morning visit, they parted, mutually pleased with each other; he rejoicing that he had found one Hartsdalian—and that the one of all others the most popular among the poor—with liberal and enlightened views, and she perceiving that, though a Revolution was at hand, it must, from its nature, prove an entire Reformation.

The ensuing summer passed rapidly away, during which time the paper-works were completed, and operations commenced therein; although the poor of the place, so newly startled from the sort of lethargy which had fallen on them, had not yet decided whether work was good for them or not. During this summer the monthly numbers of the *Vindictive* had duly appeared; yet it was remarkable that its violent party spirit was somewhat tamed—at any rate the editor had doubts if, after all, the mill might not prove a most opportune relief to the working-classes. Advertisements connected with the railway crept in, affording a curious illustration of expanding usefulness. But among all the doings of that summer, perhaps not the least important to the Hartsdale community was the fact, that Mr Percival had become a frequent and most intimate visitor at the curate's cottage; and although it is quite certain he had the highest esteem and respect for Louisa's brother, it is equally true what the Hartsdalians had sometimes suspected, that he entertained yet warmer feelings for Louisa herself. To own the truth, the time appointed for their marriage was drawing near—a circumstance which will account most satisfactorily for the unrestrained confidence now existing between them.

They were in the drawing-room of the cottage, the scene of their first interesting conversation. Louisa was seated near the window, with the last number of the *Hartsdale Vindictive* in her hand, and Mr Percival was leaning over her chair, reading some paragraph with her. Both smiled as their eyes met a moment afterwards.

'You know I have discovered you are quite a literary lady,' exclaimed Mr Percival; 'so tell me, Louisa dear, did you send that paragraph yourself?'

'Vanity! Do you suppose I should praise you so much?' she replied archly; but added in a moment, 'Really and truly I have had nothing to do with it; but I told you long ago the worthy editor was coming round to our opinion of things in general; and here he shows himself a wise and brave man, by owning he has been in the wrong. I only hope this evident change in the Hartsdale politics may increase the sale of the paper, and so make up for past losses.'

'Have they really lost so much by it?' asked Mr Percival with evident interest.

'Much is such a comparative word, I hardly know how to answer the question; especially to you who, in all your concerns, have to speak of tens of thousands rather than tens of pounds.'

'Ay, but tens of pounds are often as important in small undertakings as tens of thousands are in great ones. Do you know, I have sometimes thought of buying the *Hartsdale Vindictive*, employing a first-rate editor to conduct it, and make it what we really want, an important literary organ. Do you think this could be done? Do you believe the proprietors would sell it, or sell the right of conducting it? And, above all, do you

think this generous amateur editor could be persuaded to lay down his wand of office?

'I am certain he would be but too delighted to do it,' exclaimed Louisa; 'for he owned to me the other day that it cost him much time and labour, and interfered sadly with his professional duties, which are very much on the increase since all the new villas are inhabited, and the railway enables him to visit several old patients who have removed. Dear Walter,' she added with pride and animation, 'you are really the good angel of the place!'

'My angelic doings are of a very matter-of-fact mundane description,' he replied laughing; 'but you know I have some deep obligations to the Hartsdalians, since I take their best and wisest all to myself.'

'Her who has been a traitor in the camp all along, you mean,' she said, smiling: 'did I not encourage the *Vindictor* at first, only because I knew that the more affairs were investigated, the more would the true interests of the place be discovered? If it could have been shown that the old state of things was the better one, I would have owned myself in error—as now some of our old friends have been brave enough to do.'

'And it is for this very prudence that you are the wisest,' repeated Mr Percival.

Gladly did the proprietors of the *Vindictor* dispose of their shares to the great capitalist, especially as his offer was so liberal that it much more than remunerated them for their temporary loss. Behold, too, their pride in the first number brought out by the new potentate. It had grown weekly: in fact, in outward appearance and absolute literary importance it now competed with the *County Herald* itself—that insolent rival, that had not even deigned to notice its former existence! No one, however, spoke of the early, modest *Vindictor* with contempt; on the contrary, its double-sheeted offspring alluded in the most respectful terms to the service it had rendered the entire county, and the skill and taste with which it had been conducted; and this was no more than truth, for its unpretending columns, devoted to subjects of local interest, had made the history, the beauties, and the advantages of the valley more extensively known than would have been likely to be the case from any other means. The consequence was, that capital was brought into the neighbourhood, which, distributed in wages amongst the poor, was exactly, in its results, like a fertilising stream to some arid desert. The temporary inconveniences inevitable from a state of transition are already nearly forgotten, or remembered only to provoke a smile. As an omnibus runs six times a-day to the railway station, people have ceased to miss the stages. It is true the *White Hart Inn* is shut up, but very much more in consequence of a temperance movement among the poor, than because the glories of the *Telegraph* have departed; an event most significant of the happy moral elevation of the humbler classes.

The Misses Gunning are restored to the undisputed possession of their carriage; and, as if to make amends for the trials to which poor Peter was subjected, he is now relieved from all floricultural duties, since his mistresses, having been tempted to invest some property in railway shares, find an increase in their income, which permits them to add a gardener to their establishment. Major Stukely was the last to hold out for good old customs; but having been twice detected in walking to the station for the mere pleasure of seeing the train come up, he owned there was something very exciting and interesting in the contemplation of such stupendous undertakings—a confession which was taken on all hands as acknowledgment of a defeat. In fact, Hartsdale bids fair to become a considerable and important place, and to be as much distinguished for its intelligence, activity, wealth, and general prosperity, as it was in the 'olden time' for the wretchedness and ignorance of its poor, and the primitive condition of its general inhabitants. It is almost beyond the power of art to destroy the fea-

tures of a really beautiful country; and emotions arise in contemplating the advancement of mankind, it may be of a loftier kind than those which kindle at the sight even of the most exquisite scenery.

THE RAUHE HAUS OF HAMBURGH.

The following account of the Rauhe Haus or Redemption Institute of Hamburg reads like something from a different sphere; but, in reality, it is part of a very sober document—a Report on Education in Europe, prepared from personal observation by the Hon. Horace Mann of Massachusetts, and presented last year to the secretary of the Board of Education for that state. As very few copies of Mr Mann's report have found their way to this country, the extract may be regarded as equal to so much original matter; not to speak of its absolute interest, which, it seems to us, could hardly be overestimated:—

The school of Mr J. H. Wichern is called the 'Rauhe Haus,' and is situated four or five miles out of the city of Hamburg. It was opened for the reception of abandoned children of the very lowest class—children brought up in the abodes of infamy, and taught, not only by example but by precept, the vices of sensuality, thieving, and vagabondry—children who had never known the family tie, or who had known it only to see it violated. Hamburg having been for many years a commercial and free city, and of course open to adventurers and renegades from all parts of the world, has many more of this class of population than its own institutions and manners would have bred. The thoughts of Mr Wichern were strongly turned towards this subject while yet a student at the university; but want of means deterred him from engaging in it, until a legacy, left by a Mr Gercken, enabled him to make a beginning in 1833. He has since devoted his life and all his worldly goods to the work. It is his first aim that the abandoned children whom he seeks out on the highway, and in the haunts of vice, shall know and feel the blessings of domestic life; that they shall be introduced into the bosom of a family; for this he regards as a divine institution, and therefore the birthright of every human being, and the only atmosphere in which the human affections can be adequately cultivated. His house, then, must not be a prison or a place of punishment or confinement. The site he had chosen for his experiment was one enclosed within high strong walls and fences. His first act was to break down these barriers, and to take all bolts and bars from the doors and windows. He began with three boys of the worst description; and within three months, the number increased to twelve. They were taken into the bosom of Mr Wichern's family; his mother was their mother, and his sister their sister. They were not punished for any past offences, but were told that all should be forgiven them, if they tried to do well in future. The defenceless condition of the premises was referred to, and they were assured that no walls or bolts were to detain them; that one cord only should bind them, and that the cord of Love. The effect attested the all but omnipotent power of generosity and affection. Children from seven or eight to fifteen or sixteen years of age, in many of whom early and loathsome vices had nearly obliterated the stamp of humanity, were transformed not only into useful members of society, but into characters that endeared themselves to all within their sphere of acquaintance. The education given by Mr Wichern has not been an aesthetic or literary one. The children were told at the beginning that labour was the price of living, and that they must earn their own bread, if they would secure a comfortable home. He did not point them to ease and affluence, but to an honourable poverty, which, they were taught, was not in itself an evil. Here were means and materials for learning to support themselves; but there was no rich fund or other resources for their maintenance. Charity had supplied the home to which they were invited; their own industry must supply the rest.

Mr Wichern placed great reliance upon religious training; but this did not consist in giving them dry and unintelligible dogmas. He spoke to them of Christ as the benefactor of mankind—who proved by deeds of love his interest in the race, who sought out the worst and most benighted of men to give them instruction and relief, and who left it in charge to those who came after him, and wished to be called his disciples, to do likewise. Is it strange that, enforced by such a practical exemplification of Christian love as their fatherly benefactor gave them in his every-day life, the story of Christ's words and deeds should have sunk deeply into their hearts, and melted them into tenderness and docility? Such was the effect. The most rapid improvement ensued in the great majority of the children; and even those whom long habits of idleness and vagabondage made it difficult to keep in the straight path, had long seasons of obedience and gratitude, to which any aberration from duty was only an exception.

As the number of pupils increased, Mr Wichern saw that the size of the family would seriously impair its domestic character. To obviate this, he divided his company into families of twelve, and he has erected nine separate buildings, situated in a semicircle around his own, and near to it, in each of which dwells a family of twelve boys or of twelve girls, under the care of a house-father or house-mother, as the assistants are respectively called. Each of these families is, to some extent, an independent community, having an individuality of its own. They eat and sleep in their own dwelling, and the children belonging to each look up to their own particular father or mother, as home-bred children to a parent. The general meeting every morning—at first in the chamber of Mr Wichern's mother, but afterwards, when the numbers increased, in the little chapel—and their frequent meetings at work, or in the play-ground, form a sufficient, and, in fact, a very close bond of union for the whole community. Much was done by the children themselves in the erection of their little colony of buildings; and in doing this, they were animated by a feeling of hope and a principle of independence in providing a dwelling for themselves, while they experienced the pleasures of benevolence in rendering assistance to each other. Mr Wichern mentions, with great satisfaction, the good spirit of the architect who came upon the premises to direct in putting up the first house. This man would not retain a journeyman for a day or an hour who did not conduct himself with the utmost decorum and propriety before the children who were assisting in the work.

Instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and drawing—and in some instances, in higher branches. Music is used as one of the most efficient instruments for softening stubborn wills and calling forth tender feelings; and its deprivation is one of the punishments for delinquency. The songs and hymns have been specially adapted to the circumstances and wants of the community, and it has often happened that the singing of an appropriate hymn, both at the gatherings in the mother's chamber, which were always more or less kept up, and in the little chapel, has awakened the first-born sacred feeling in obdurate and brutified hearts. Sometimes a voice would drop from the choir, and then weeping and sobbing would be heard instead. The children would say they could not sing—they must think of their past lives, of their brothers and sisters, or of their parents living in vice and misery at home. On several occasions the singing exercises had to be given up. Frequently the children were sent out to the garden to recover themselves. An affecting narrative is recorded of a boy who ran away, but whom Mr Wichern pursued, found, and persuaded to return. He was brought back on Christmas eve, which was always celebrated in the mother's chamber. The children were engaged in singing the Christmas hymns when he entered the room. At first they manifested strong disapprobation of his conduct, for he was a boy to whose faults special forbearance had been previously shown.

They were then told to decide among themselves how he should be punished. This brought them all to perfect silence, and after some whispering and consulting together, one, who had formerly been guilty of the same fault of ingratitude under still less excusable circumstances, burst out in a petition for his forgiveness. All united in it, reached out to him a friendly hand, and the festival of the Christmas eve was turned into a rejoicing over the brother that had been lost but was found. The pardon was not in words merely, but in deeds. No reference to the fact was afterwards made. A day or two after, he was sent away on an errand to the distance of half a mile. He was surprised and affected by this mark of confidence; and from that time never abused his freedom, though intrusted to execute commissions at great distances. But he could never after hear certain Christmas hymns without shedding tears; and long subsequently, in a confidential communication to Mr Wichern respecting some act of his former life (an unburdening of the overladen conscience, which was very common with the inmates, and always voluntary; for they were told on their arrival that their past life should never be spoken of unless between them and himself), he referred to the decisive effect of that scene of loving-kindness upon his feelings and character.

One peculiar feature of this institution is, that the children are not stimulated by the worldly motives of fame, wealth, or personal aggrandisement. The superintendent does not inflame them with the ambition that if they surpass each other at recitation, and make splendid displays at public examinations, they shall, in the end, become high military officers, or congress men, or excite the envy of all by their wealth or fame. On the other hand, so far as this world's goods are concerned, he commends and habituates them to the idea of an honourable poverty; and the only riches with which he dazzles their imaginations are the riches of good works. He looks to them as his hope for redeeming others from the sphere whence they themselves were taken; and there have been many touching instances of the reformation of parents and families, for whom the natural affection first sprang up in these children's hearts, after they had learned the blessings of home and what the ties of nature really are.

One of the most interesting effects of this charity is the charity which it reproduces in its objects; and thus it is shown that, in the order of nature, the actions of good men—provided they are also wise—not less than good seed, will produce thirty, or sixty, or a hundred fold of beneficial fruit. Mr Wichern makes a great point of celebrating Christmas, and the friends of the school are in the habit of sending small sums of money, and articles of various kinds to adorn the festival. This money has often been voluntarily appropriated by the children to charitable purposes. They frequently give away their pennies; and instances have happened where they have literally emptied their little purses into the hands of poverty and distress, and taken off their own clothes to cover the naked. On one occasion, six poor children had been found by some of the scholars, and invited to the Christmas festival. There they were clothed, and many useful and pleasing articles, made by the givers, were presented to them. One of the boys read a passage from the history of Christ, and the Christmas songs and other songs of thanksgiving and praise were sung. To the sound of the organ, which a friend had presented to the little chapel, some verses welcoming the strangers succeeded. The guests then departed, blessing the house and its kind inhabitants; but who can doubt that a voice of gladness, more precious than all worldly applauses, sprang up unbidden and exulting in the hearts of the little benefactors?

But among numerous less conspicuous instances of the change wrought by wise and appropriate moral means in the character of these so lately abandoned children, the most remarkable occurred at the time of the great Hamburg fire, in May 1842. In July 1843 I saw the vast chasm which the conflagration had made

in the centre of that great city. The second day of the fire, when people were driven from the city in crowds, and houseless and half frantic sufferers came to the Rauhe Haus for shelter, the children—some of whom had friends and relatives in the city—became intensely excited, and besought Mr Wichern for leave to go in and make themselves useful to the sufferers. Not without great anxiety as to the force of the temptations for escape or for plunder, that might assail them in such an exposed and tumultuous scene, he gave permission to a band of twenty-two to accompany him, on condition that they would keep together as much as possible, and return with him at an appointed time. This they readily promised; nor did they disappoint him. Their conduct was physically as well as morally heroic. They rushed into the greatest dangers to save life and property, and though sometimes pressed to receive rewards, they steadily refused them. At stated intervals they returned to the appointed place to reassure the confidence of their superior. On one occasion, a lad remained absent long beyond the time agreed upon, but at last he appeared, quite exhausted by the labour of saving some valuable property. Mr Wichern afterwards learned from the owner—not from the lad—that he had steadily refused the compensation offered to, and even urged upon him. When the company returned home at the appointed time, he sent forth another band under the care of a house-father, and these exerted themselves in the same faithful and efficient manner. This was done as long as the necessity of the case required. From this time the Rauhe Haus was the resort of the poor and homeless—and not for days only, but for weeks. The pupils shared with them their food, and even slept upon the ground to give their beds to the destitute, sick, and injured. I can hardly refrain from narrating many other facts of a similar character connected with this institution; for if the angels rejoice over a rescued sinner, why should not we partake of that joy when it is our brother who is ransomed?

In his last report, Mr Wichern says the institution was actually so impoverished by the demand made upon it at that time, and the demands upon public charity have since been so great in that unfortunate city, that the inmates have been almost reduced to suffering for the necessities of life, particularly as he was induced to receive several children rendered homeless by that calamity. To this object, however, even the children of the house were ready and willing to contribute portions of their wardrobe, and they submitted cheerfully to other privations. Mr Wichern regretted above all other things the necessity of refusing many applications—and it is but doing justice to the citizens of Hamburg to state, that on an appeal made by him for funds to erect a new building, they were generously and promptly raised by those who had such unusual claims upon their charity.

A single remark I must be allowed to make. When an individual effects so much good, it seems to be often thought that he accomplishes it by virtue of some charm or magic, or preternatural influence, of which the rest of the world cannot partake. The superintendent of the Rauhe Haus is a refutation of this idea. Laboriously, perseveringly, unintermittingly, he uses MEANS for the accomplishment of his desired ends. When I put to him the question, in what manner he produced these transforming effects upon his charge, his answer was, 'By active occupations, music, and Christian love.' Two or three things should be stated in explanation of this compendious reply. When a new subject comes to the Rauhe Haus, he is first received into Mr Wichern's own family. Here, under the wise and watchful guardianship of the master, he is initiated into the new life of action, thought, feeling, which he is expected to lead. His dispositions are watched, his character is studied; and as soon as prudence allows, he is transferred to that one of the little colonies whose house-father is best qualified to manage his peculiarities of temperament and disposition. Soon after the opening of the establishment, and the increase of its numbers, Mr Wichern found that

it would be impossible for him to bestow the requisite care and oversight upon each one of his pupils which his necessities demanded. He cast about for assistance, and though he was able to find those in the community who had enough of the spirit of benevolence and self-sacrifice to undertake the difficult labour to which his own life was devoted, yet he soon found that they had not the other requisite qualifications to make their benevolent purposes available. He could find enough of well-intentioned persons to superintend the workshops, gardens, &c., but they had not intellectual competency. So he could find schoolmasters who could give good lessons, but they were not masters of any handicraft. He was therefore driven, as he says, to the expedient of preparing a class of teachers, to become his auxiliaries in the work. For this end he has superadded to his original plan a school for the preparation of teachers; first to supply himself, then to send abroad to open other institutions similar to his own, and thirdly to become superintendents of prisons. This last object he deems very important. Questions about prison-architecture, he says, have given a new literature to the world; but as yet nothing, or but little, is done to improve the character or increase the qualifications of prison-keepers. I have often felt the force of this remark in the numerous continental prisons which I have visited. Though the masters of the prisons have generally appeared to be very respectable men, yet the assistants or deputy-turnkeys have very often seemed to belong to a low order of society, from whose manners, conversation, or treatment of the prisoners, no good influence could be expected.

This second institution of Mr Wichern is in reality a normal school, which the necessities of his situation suggested and forced him to establish.

During the ten years of the existence of this institution, there have been 132 children received into it. Of these about 80 were there on the 1st of July 1843. Only two had run away, who had not either voluntarily returned, or, being brought back, had not voluntarily remained. The two unclaimed fugitives committed offences, fell into the hands of the civil magistrate, and were imprisoned.

Who can reflect upon this history, where we see a self-sacrificing man, by the aids of wisdom and Christian love, exorcising as it were the evil spirits from more than a hundred of the worst children whom a corrupted state of society has engendered; who can see this without being reminded of some case, perhaps within his own personal knowledge, where a passionate, ignorant, and perverse teacher, who, for the sake of saving a few dollars of money, or from some other low motive, has been put in possession of an equal number of fine-spirited children, and has, even in a shorter space of time, put an evil spirit into the bosom of them all! When visiting this institution, I was reminded of an answer given to me by the head master of a school of a thousand children in London. I inquired of him what moral education or training he gave to his scholars—what he did, for instance, when he detected a child in a lie? His answer was literally this—'I consider,' said he, 'all moral education to be a humbug. Nature teaches children to lie. If one of my boys lies, I set him to write some such copy as this—“Lying is a base and infamous offence.” I make him write a quire of paper over with this copy; and he knows very well that if he does not bring it to me in a good condition, he will get a flogging.' On hearing this reply, I felt as if the number of things in the condition of London society, which needed explanation, was considerably reduced.

What is most remarkable in reference to the class of institutions now under consideration, is the high character of the men—for capacity, for attainments, for social rank—who preside over them. At the head of a private orphan house in Potsdam is the venerable Von Turk. According to the laws of his country Von Turk is a nobleman. His talents and acquisitions were such that at a very early age he was elevated to the bench. This

was probably an office for life, and was attended with honours and emoluments. He officiated as judge for fourteen years; but in the course of this time, so many criminal cases were brought before him for adjudication, whose only cause and origin were so plainly referable to early neglect in the culprit's education, that the noble heart of the judge could no longer bear to pronounce sentence of condemnation against the prisoners; for he looked upon them as men who, almost without a paradox, might be called guiltless offenders. While holding the office of judge he was appointed school inspector. The paramount importance of the latter office grew upon his mind as he executed its duties, until at last he came to the full conception of the grand and sacred truth—how much more intrinsically honourable is the vocation of the teacher, who saves from crime and from wrong, than the magistrate who waits till they are committed, and then avenges them! He immediately resigned his office of judge, with its life-tenure and its salary; travelled to Switzerland, where he placed himself under the care of Pestalozzi; and, after availing himself for three years of the instructions of that celebrated teacher, he returned to take charge of an orphan asylum. Since that time he has devoted his whole life to the care of the neglected and destitute. He lives in as plain and inexpensive a style as our well-off farmers and mechanics, and devotes his income to the welfare of the needy. I was told by his personal friends that he not only deprived himself of the luxuries of life, but submitted to many privations in order to appropriate his small income to others whom he considered more needy; and that his wife and family cordially and cheerfully shared such privations with him for the same object. To what extent would our own community sympathise with, or appreciate the act, if one of the judges of our higher courts, or any other official dignitary, should resign an office of honour and of profit to become the instructor of children!

Even now, when the once active and vigorous frame of this patriarchal man is bending beneath the weight of years, he employs himself in teaching agriculture together with the branches commonly taught in the Prussian schools, to a class of orphan boys. What warrior, who rests at last from the labours of the tented field after a life of victories; what statesman, whose name is familiar in all the courts of the civilised world; what orator, who attracts towards himself tides of men wherever he may move in his splendid course; what one of all these would not, at the sunset of life, exchange his fame and his clustering honours for that precious and abounding treasury of holy and beneficent deeds, the remembrance of which this good old man is about to carry into another world! Do we not need a new spirit in our community, and especially in our schools, which shall display only objects of virtuous ambition before the eyes of our emulous youth; and teach them that no height of official station, no splendour of professional renown, can equal in the eye of Heaven, and of all good men, the true glory of a life consecrated to the welfare of mankind!

WOMAN'S POWER.

Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshaking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the more de-

pendent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children: if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.'—*W. Irving.*

VALUE OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The value of useful knowledge is well illustrated by the following anecdote, which occurs in a recently-issued memoir of the late Mr Reid of Bellary, by Dr Wardlaw. Mr Reid, in returning from London to Leith by smack in October 1825, encountered a severe storm, in which, with the rest of the passengers and crew, he was exposed to imminent danger. 'They struck, in the darkness of the night, on the Goodwin Sands. The captain seemed to lose his presence of mind, and to be at his wits' end. Mr Joseph Hume, M.P. was on board. To his self-command, and such knowledge of navigation and seamanship as he had acquired on repeated voyages across the Atlantic—a knowledge which now became of use—Mr Reid ascribed their preservation. He took the helm himself, and worked the vessel out of danger. And since I have thus mentioned Mr Hume, and shown how the acquisition of knowledge, much as it may be out of a man's own line, may one day come to be of service, and the propriety therefore of never slighting any opportunity of attaining it—it is no more than justice to that gentleman to add, that to Mr Reid and several fellow-students who were returning to college along with him, he was exceedingly attentive and kind, turning his superior acquaintance with the little mysteries of travelling to good account for their direction and accommodation. He was conversable and communicative; and my young friend, having some little portion of a kindred inquisitiveness after general information, availed himself of this, and was indebted to him for various items to his stock of knowledge. In a letter to his mother, after speaking gratefully of his opportune kindness and aid, he adds—'The way we got family was this: the captain's chart was all in tatters. On Monday, Mr Hume wanted to look at it, to show us our situation at different times; and finding it in this state, he told the steward to make some paste and he would mend it. I immediately went and offered my assistance, and was with him, I suppose, three hours repairing it. During this time he kept talking to me on many subjects; and finding me inquisitive, he took an interest in giving me information.' The member for Montrose and the young logician appear to have mutually fancied each other; the former inviting the latter to breakfast with him in his hotel in Edinburgh, and by the same frankness and familiarity in conversation, increasing not a little his stock of information.'

REASON AND KINDNESS.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment. But let reason and kindness be united in a discourse, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.—*Gisborne.*

FLAX-GUM.

It is not generally known, says the editor of the New Zealand Journal, that the gum of the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, is admirably adapted for sealing letters; and, when remittances are enclosed, is frequently made use of by the colonists for that purpose. It is insoluble either in water or spirit, and so thoroughly penetrates the envelope as to become part and parcel of it; nor is it possible to get at the contents of a letter so sealed.

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